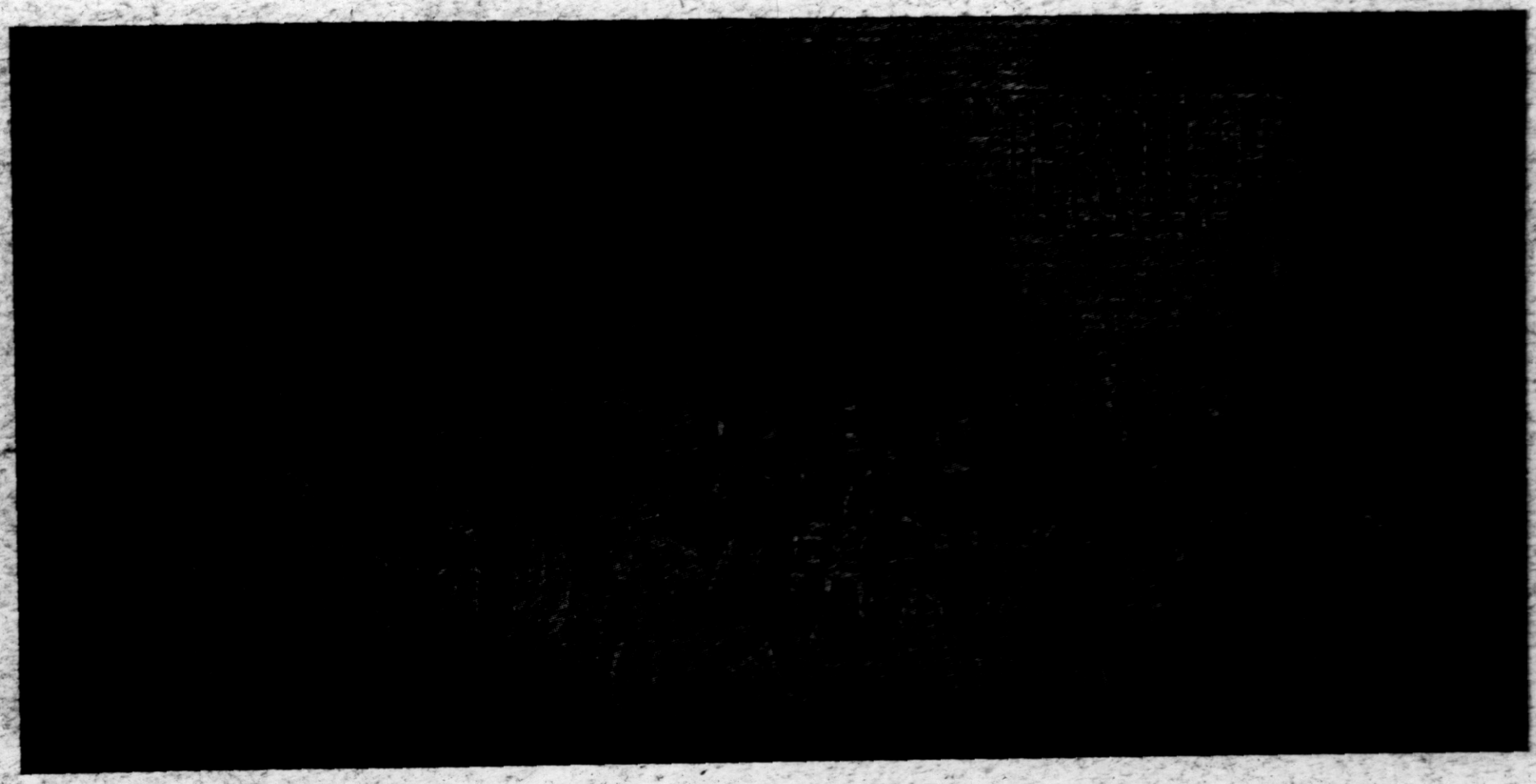
CARL[redacted]RY



VOL. 2, NO. 9 : JUNE 21, 1934 : TEN CENTS

[redacted]

Editor's Quill

SOMETIMES after the day's work is done, after his friend Johan the Lamplighter has wended his way down the dark little streets of Carmel, the TOWN CRIER, silent for awhile, strolls out to the sand dunes with his friend.

¶ Here pipes are lit and as the fragrant blue smoke curls upwards, Johan looks with pride at the tiny twinkles that show where he has been.

¶ After a moment he speaks; "You left a lot out of the news today," he says, "but perhaps it's for the best. 'Twon't do to tell folks all they should know, eh?"

¶ The surf pounds gently and the TOWN CRIER doesn't answer, for when a Lamplighter speaks, which is seldom, it's wise to listen.

¶ "Aye, you cried about how all was well at Curfew time, but you didn't lull a man like me into any false sense of security. I know what goes on behind those windows of the town. I know what people are afraid of, and I'll tell you.

¶ "Look over yonder by Pebble Beach way . . . the lights are bright there, aren't they? That's where lots of young people gather, they drink and they make love, and they play at being happy. In some of those homes the older folk are with them . . . some of them play . . . but behind their playing, they're not so happy, are they? Why?

¶ "Do they think that soon the the money they have will go, either to be taken away, or else will become of no value? Do some of the young people wonder what the world offers them now that they are out of college and yet have no place to go? No place in the sun . . . is that the cause for false laughter and foolish loving?

¶ "Is it that America today is in the same mood as was Rome, before its fall?

¶ "Look over yonder, Crier, where those dimmer lamps are burning, that's where folk live who haven't so much money. Nor do they pretend to have, as do some of those others. They think that soon, with a distribution of wealth, they won't have to worry about being able to send their sons and daughters to college as they do now.

¶ "They think if the money was taken away from these other folk that it would give them a chance to play and laugh and love. Would it, TOWN CRIER?

¶ "When you call the news of the day, do you stop and tell these people that the world goes on, that neither one man in the Capitol nor a group of college professors, can solve the problems that perplex them.

¶ "Why don't you cry out to them to place their faith in themselves, not in those who make promises. Cry out to them that before politicians can cure the ills, the ills will kill the politicians.

¶ "Tell these people, Crier, that the world goes on, that human nature doesn't change, and that they must help themselves. Tell them that this is a great country, that the spirit of those men who came here in the *Mayflower* still exists. That spirit needs no codes to tell it what to do. It is a spirit that does. Tell them that, TOWN CRIER."

¶ Pipes are tapped out and as the sparks fall to the sands they die. The wind has turned, it's chilly now, and time for home.

—The Editor

In this issue the TOWN CRIER is very proud to introduce Mr. Seymour Winslow to you. Mr. Winslow's excellent story, "Three Hours Credit" begins as a serial this week.

¶ A newcomer to Carmel, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow arrived recently from their estate in Connecticut where Mr. Winslow spent the winter writing for such publications as *Liberty, Colliers, American, Woman's Home Companion* and many others. He has a serial running in *McLean's*, a leading Canadian publication and another in the July issue of *McCall's*. In appearance Mr. Winslow strikingly resembles Paul Lukas and during his stay in Pasadena was often mistaken for the actor.

¶ The last sentence is in keeping with the TOWN CRIER'S policy to give you all the facts, even if said facts will annoy the subject considerably.

—The Editor

❀ ❀

Elsewhere in this issue you will find another poem by Frank Keenan of Monterey. So many compliments came in from the first of Mr. Keenan's writings, that the TOWN CRIER is very pleased to print another.

❀ ❀

An apology is due to Edward Kuster for the placing of a story about his winning the Drama tournament underneath an article about the Forest Theater, making it sound as if the Forest group were the winners instead of the Golden Bough Players. Notice is also given the various theatrical groups that the Drama department of this paper would appreciate their having their copy in not later than Monday noon of the week in which they wish it to appear. Thank you. —J. L.

❀ ❀

There is nothing more friendly than a friend in need. —Plautus

VOLUME II

THE TOWN CRIER

NUMBER 9

[FORMERLY THE VILLAGER]
Established March, 1933
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

CONTENTS

June 21, 1934

Editor's Quill 2

Three Hours Credit 6
SEYMOUR WINSLOW

Poetry 9

Ye Astrologer 10
MOT SENEIHT

Bird Flight 11
PROF. HAROLD HEATH

A Native American Speaks 12
CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

Story of the Cowboy 13
JACK E. DALTON

Obiter Dicta 14
AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

Next Week

The TOWN CRIER *will announce it's National and Local political policy. Forthcoming articles will be of assured international importance and as usual, poems, and many other features*

The Town Crier is published every week by the Town Crier Associates, and printed by the Carmel Press, Incorporated in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Peter O'Crotty, Editor; Eugene A. H. Watson, Managing Editor; Janet Large, Business Manager; Edward Files and William L. Overstreet, Associate Editors; J. D. Wilson, Advertising Manager. The Town Crier and the Editors are not responsible in any manner whatsoever for articles appearing or for opinions expressed in the columns of this publication other than those that bear their signatures. All rights reserved under the Convention on Literary and Artistic Copyrights between the U.S.A. and the Argentine Republic and other countries proclaimed July 13, 1914. Permission to reprint granted only upon application in writing. Subscription rate: $4.00 a year; Canada and abroad, $4.60 a year. Application for entry as second class matter is pending.

News of the World

Glasgow—A gun which is guaranteed to find a target without fail has been invented by a Glasgow shopkeeper.

¶ The inventor, M. Nathan, has offered his invention to the British Government, who have forbidden him to dispose of it to any foreign government.

¶ The patent gun is for anti-aircraft work. The barrel is directed through a large wing with two powerful searchlights on each side. These lights are trained on the target and the gun is fired at the point where the two beams converge.

❀ ❀

London—An expedition headed by Commodore Dawson Reed will leave England shortly to search for the treasure of Captain Kidd, notorious buccaneer, on the Savages, a group of islets in the Atlantic, 150 miles south of Madeira.

❀ ❀

Dublin—Divorce, now impossible in Southern Ireland, existed here three centuries ago, according to a 1645 manuscript just discovered in the house of a farm at Silvermines, County Tipperary.

¶ The 400-page manuscript, transcribed partly in Irish and partly in English, is in two volumes of vellum and is regarded by the National Museum as a find of rare importance which may affect accepted theories of Irish history.

❀ ❀

Moscow—Treason, espionage, and flight abroad are definitely made punishable by death in a new section of the criminal code promulgated by the central committee of the Soviet Union.

¶ The same section provides that adult relatives of military men who escape abroad may be imprisoned from five to ten years if they had knowledge of treasonable plans and may be exiled to Siberia for five years even if ignorant of such plans.

❀ ❀

London—The only inn in England that stands in a churchyard will be 600 years old this year. It is the Mug House at Claines, near Worcester.

❀ ❀

Prince George has entered an aeroplane for the King's Cup race. The machine is a Percival Mew Gull, fitted with a Gipsy Six (200 h.p.) engine. It will be flown by the designer, Mr. E. W. Percival. This aeroplane, fitted with a Napier Javelin (150 h.p.) engine, was flown recently at Gravesend, and was shown to be capable of over 200 miles an hour.

❀ ❀

Degenerate taste developed by the dynamite drinks of the prohibition era is one of the most important difficulties met now in the battle against bootlegging in Pennsylvania according to W. H. Beachy, supervising investigator of the beverage division of the Pennsylvania Department of Revenue.

¶ The reasons for this, says Mr. Beachy are that the bootleg liquor is much cheaper than the legal, and thousands of people acquired a taste for bathtub gin and now demand the old-type stuff.

❀ ❀

Hope is the mainspring of human action; faith seals our lease of immortality, and charity and love give the passport to the soul's true and lasting happiness.

Dame Gossip

Mr. and Mrs. John Mathys and their two sons, all of Minneapolis, and Miss Beth Cahoon, sister of Mrs. Mathys, of Racine, Wisconsin, are to be July and August sojourners here.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Estelle Havens-Monteagle and her daughter, Miss Patricia, are leaving Pebble Beach this week for their home in San Mateo. The other daughter, Miss Jeanne, will visit in the South. In September the three will leave on an Eastern trip.

❀ ❀

The initial public affair to acquire funds to finance the many activities of the Serra Festival in August was a bridge party and tea given in Serra-Crespi Hall. The affair was sponsored by a committee consisting of Mrs. Raymond Brownell (chairman), Mrs. Paul M. Joseph, Mrs. Thomas B. Reardon and Mrs. Jack Abernethy. Those who joined the score or more card players during the tea serving were Mrs. David Bolton, Mrs. L. W. Lenahan.

❀ ❀

Raymond E. Brownell and Joyce P. Uzzell of Sunset (Carmel) School have been awarded the American Legion school award, along with twelve other boys and girls on the Monterey Peninsula. The award is made to those who, in the opinion of their classmates, best represent those qualities most likely to result in worthy citizenship and well-rounded manhood and womanhood.

Carmel sports lovers and participants are enthusiastic in their approval of the proposal to hold a great Monterey Peninsula sports carnival next year in celebration of the completion of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway.

❀ ❀

Carmel property owners who have applications pending before the Home Owners Loan Corporation may now look forward to early final action upon their requests. Offices have at last been established in San Francisco, which will make for much quicker action than heretofore. To date 39 home loans have been granted in Monterey County for a total of $133,-352.

❀ ❀

Some time in the coming Fall, Schirmer will publish Frederick Preston Search's prize-winning string Sextette in F minor. The award was made by the Society for the Publication of American Music. Daniel Gregory Mason won second prize. Thus has Fred Search brought another honor to Carmel.

❀ ❀

Official opening of Camp Wing, the Boy Scout Camp of the Monterey Bay Area Council, took place last Sunday. The new camp is located at Pfeiffer's Redwood State Park on the Big Sur. One hundred scouts are occupying the camp during the four weeks that it is planned to maintain it. Many of the boys who attend Carmel's Sunset School will be in attendance.

After the San Francisco exhibition of the water colors painted by Miss Edith Heron on her recent trip through the Panama Canal, the British Isles, Paris, Switzerland, Canada and the United States, the entire collection will be shown in a Monterey gift shop, probably early in July.

❀ ❀

The funeral of W. A. Goddard, who passed away last Saturday, took place from a Pacific Grove mortuary chapel on Monday. Mr. Goddard, a Modesto rancher, came to Carmel four years ago to make his home. Besides his wife, Mrs. Ella S. Goddard, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Ernest S. Bixler of this city and Mrs. R. C. Beverstock of Los Angeles; also a son and four sisters.

❀ ❀

How Carmel does grow! In 1910, when the village had about 400 population, it had only a limited number of active professional men —two doctors. Now we have twelve doctors, three dentists, four architects and three lawyers. In the early days it figured out one doctor for each 200 of the population. Assuming that Carmel now has 2400 residents, twelve doctors is about right.

❀ ❀

Though it means an increase—a slight one—in school taxes, it seems necessary that every citizen vote in favor of the bonds asked for by the Sunset School Trustees. The use to which the money realized by the bonds is to be put, that of making the school buildings earthquake proof, is worthy of unanimous support.

❀ ❀

Arthur Story, English born and graduated from Cambridge, trained in the best traditions of the English stage served with the Canadian forces in the World War, returned to the United States giving ten years of efficient loyal service to the United States Forestry Department. This is indicative of the character of this gentleman who has answered the last call.

¶ The death of Mr. Story came as a great shock to Carmel friends. For the past six years the Story's have been stationed at the Chew's Ridge Lookout and had spent their winter vacation months in Carmel.

¶ Mr. Story was associated with Maurice Browne in his Little Theatre in Chicago and acted as business manager of this early venture in the Little Theatre movement until the entry of the United States into the war closed the Theatre.

¶ During the past winter it has been the privilege of those who attended the Pine Inn Drama Readings to hear Mr. Story in several plays.

¶ The TOWN CRIER extends its sincerest sympathy to Mary Frazee Story, his constant companion through the years.

❀ ❀

Word was received recently by Mrs. Gabriel Burnette from her brother, W. E. Bard of Dallas, Texas, that he has received, from the Texas Poetry Society, the distinction of having a volume of poems written by him published. This honor has been bestowed upon Mr. Bard as a prize for the best poetry written as a member of the society.

¶ Although Bard's poems have been published widely in magazines and newspapers, this is his first volume to go into print.

¶ Mr. Burnette is a resident of Carmel.

❀ ❀

To tax and to please, no more than to love and be wise, is not given to men. —Burke

Three Hours Credit

A SHORT STORY IN EIGHT PARTS
BY SEYMOUR WINSLOW
(PART 1)

Coming airily from nowhere and bound vaguely for the sea a crumpled paper napkin frisked out upon the newly combed sands of Quantogue Light Beach. Punt Reniger, on noontime slick-up duty, lunged at it with his long-handled rake—and missed.

¶ The force of his effort sent the rake deep into the sand. As he lifted it clear something sparklingly brilliant—a hundred tiny fires—flamed from the rake-head. He pulled it toward him. Fitted to one of the tines as if encircling a finger was a narrow platinum band set round with minute diamonds.

¶ "Well, did I spear something!" Punt muttered. He worked the ring off and examined it on the palm of one hand. It was a wedding ring, a ridiculously small one. And very little worn. Bright, too—as if it had just been lost. Yet it had been pretty deep down in the sand. There was an inscription on its inner side. Punt held it to catch the sun on the lettering. After having some trouble seeing round his thumbs he made it out.

¶ "To V. Y. from S. J. B. 9-23-33." V. Y.? Who would that be? Punt knew all of the sixty people—women, almost all of them—who came regularly to the beach. Quantogue was a small place. This was August; and since mid-June when he had taken the job as life guard Punt had come to know everyone in town, villagers and summer people.

¶ From S. J. B.? That would make the woman's married initials V. B. Light dawned. V. B.—Veronica Boyd! And S. J. B. was Spencer Boyd, of course. So those two had been married as long ago as last September! It was hard for Punt to believe. Every time he'd seen them together they'd put him in mind of one of those low-moaning couples at a prom house-party. They seemed to live only for each other. Well, probably about this time, Punt, reflected, they were nearly crazy over losing this ring.

¶ The thing to do was to skip over to Quantogue Inn and return it. He'd have time, he decided, before the afternoon crowd started piling in. He set off at a dog-trot, his toes digging pleasantly into the warm dry sand. When he reached the narrow bungalow-bordered street leading back from the water he stepped it up to a run.

¶ It did seem a little odd that Veronica Boyd hadn't reported losing the ring. The news would have come to him at once. Of course, she may not have missed it yet. Punt was able to believe this only because he was twenty-one and comprehended next to nothing of brides and wedding-rings. As he turned in through the doorway of Quantogue Inn—a broad-shouldered, flat-stomached, sun-browned giant—he literally darkened the lobby of the small frame hotel.

¶ Luke Seeley, the clerk and ranking local gag-man, made waggish pretense of not seeing Punt when he paused at the desk.

¶ "Mrs. Boyd around?" Punt tried to get action.

¶ Luke was ready with a line. "Well, well, look what the tide brought in!" he chirped. "Say, how long you been standing there, little feller?" He eyed Punt's rippling muscles in half-envy, half-disdain.

¶ "Come on—come on, Luke! I gotta get back. How about it?"

¶ Luke lifted his brows and produced what he hoped was an insinuating expression. "But not before you see the pretty Mrs. Boyd, eh, Punt?" Then reversing his manner he snapped into a provincial interpretation of a crisp city hotel clerk. "Not to be disturbed. Sorry."

¶ "Listen, Comic," said Punt. "Is she in, or isn't she? And don't waste any more of my time!"

¶ Luke maintained his aloofness, and busied himself with desk matters. "She is. But not to visitors."

¶ "Asleep or something?"

¶ "I'm unable to say."

¶ Punt felt like smacking him. "Well, is Spencer Boyd around?" he asked.

¶ Spencer Boyd couldn't be far away, Punt supposed. It was the first week of his vacation and he was spending it at Quantogue. Veronica Boyd had been there all summer. But up until the Saturday before, Spence had been able to get up for week-ends only.

¶ Luke Seeley, man of a thousand personalities, halted all movement, and gave Punt a long silent look that would have been significant had it not been utterly blank. At last, between narrowed lips, he said: "Not stopping here, Punt. Not since last evening."

¶ "What? They moved out?"

¶ "*He* moved out." Luke watched to see what Punt made of that.

(Watch for next week's chapter)

❀ ❀

ODE TO AN
IRONIC COLUMN

I contemplate the daily grist
Of poems, quips and paragraphs
Projected by a columnist
To kindle readers' smiles and laughs.

A verse above his nom de quill
Is scintillating, full of mirth;
It seems spontaneous, and, still,
I sense the travail of its birth.

—TOM THIENES

The Theatre

The first of the summer offerings at the Playhouse will be Elmer Rice's "Counsellor-at-Law," a brilliant and stirring portrayal of people and doings in a New York law office. It will be played by the Golden Bough Players on Friday and Saturday, July 6th and 7th, and again on the following Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th. A cast of thirty will enact the leads and many character roles of the play, which was hailed by the Broadway critics as a most engrossing picture of our times, at once pithy, comic and a deep revelation of character. As with many of the summer plays produced in former years by Edward Kuster, this will be the first presentation of the original stage version of "Counsellor-at-Law" outside of a few great cities of the country.

❀ ❀

The first summer production at the Forest Theater in Carmel offers a departure from the long line of dramatic productions at this famous outdoor playhouse. Combining with the Community Players, the Forest Theater group has selected the rollicking farce-comedy, "Going Some." Written by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach at the time when "men was men" and the frailer sex were "Gibson Girls," the play has retained its laugh-provoking gaiety for a generation of theatre-goers.

¶ A feature of the evening of July 4th, opening night of the production that will run the nights of the 5th, 6th, and 7th, will be the appearance of the popular group of Cowboy singers from the Carmel Valley ranches. No synthetic Hill-billies, this bunch, but the real article and high in popularity with peninsula audiences.

¶ A large cast of experienced players is alreay in the midst of rehearsals, working with an enthusiasm that promises an outstanding entertainment.

¶ Tickets will be at the usual popular prices, and will be on sale shortly at central downtown points in Carmel, Monterey and Pacific Grove.

❀ ❀

LONDON

A film is being prepared from past pictures of incidents in the King's reign. The idea has been submitted to the authorities, and it is understood that this first essay towards a film biography of his Majesty will be ready for release in May next year, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession.

❀ ❀

One of the most unusual films in London at the moment is the Gainsborough production, "Man of Aran," the scene of which is the Aran Islands in the North of Ireland. The "stars" are the natives of the place, its drama their day-by-day struggle for existence, and if the theme wears a little thin in places, the photography throughout is magnificent.

❀ ❀

Quite a long time a go Laemmle planned to make a film based on the life of the late Florenz Ziegfeld. Last week he did something specific about it by naming William Powell for the title role in the film, which will be called "The Great Ziegfeld." This is to be one of the more important of Universal's contributions to the new season. William Anthony McGuire, an intimate friend of the showman, has completed the script in collaboration with Billie Burke, Mr. Ziegfeld's widow.

❀ ❀

London Films, producers of such outstanding motion picture attractions as "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great," announces that it now has six of the world's most famous writers under contract to do screen plays.

¶ H. G. Wells, who has been described as the "world's greatest living writer," is actively engaged in writing a special script for London Films, based on his prophetic works, including "The Shape of Things to Come," the most provocative best seller of the last decade.

¶ The other authors under contract to London Films are Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis, who collaborated on the writing of "Henry VIII"; Robert Sherwood, author of such memorable works as "The Road to Rome," "The Queen's Husband" and "Reunion in Vienna"; Geoffrey Dell, author "The Firebird" and "Payment Deferred"; and Frederick Lonsdale, who wrote "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Spring Cleaning" and "Monsieur Beaucaire."

❀ ❀

The Soviet, which has proudly displayed its originality ever since the inception of the state, frankly admits the superiority of Walt Disney and his Mickey Mouse.

¶ The Government recently began work on its first animated cartoon, modeled after what the press calls, "American Mikki Maus." The Russian "Mikki" will be a hedgehog, it is disclosed. The subjects are to be his travels into capitalistic countries and his experiences there. He is to emerge victorious from each adventure with the capitalists.

Book Reviews

Lit'ry Jottings

The Columbia University Press read this headline in *The New Post*: "Heiling Herr Hitler With A Hey Nazi Nazi and A Hot Ja Ja." Thinking it over, they decided it might have been inspired by a book they publish, "Headlines and Deadlines," by Garst and Bernstein. And they incidentally remembered that F. P. A. called it "the best book concerning newspaper workers that we have ever read."

❀ ❀

Something remarkably like Senatorial courtesy has broken out among the deans. Scribner's sent a copy of "A Primer for Tomorrow," by Dean Gauss of Princeton, to Dean Hanford of Harvard. Dean Hanford at once put the book on the tutorial list for undergraduate reading. That's intellectual cooperation.

❀ ❀

Two years ago Little, Brown published "They Call It Patriotism," a novel that gave the background of intrigues and animosities that lay behind the assassination of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo. Bruno Brehm, who wrote the book, fought for Austria in the war. Racially he is a German; he is a citizen of Czechoslovakia, and he has served since the war as a professor in Vienna and as a captain again in the Austrian Army. In time for the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of the war Little, Brown have just reissued "They Call It Patriotism," with a new jacket and the original foreword by Sidney B. Fay of Harvard, who wrote "Origins of the World War."

❀ ❀

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION

"The Taking of the Gry." *John Masefield.* (*Macmillan.*) *August.*
"All My Dog Stories." *Rudyard Kipling.* (*Doubleday, Doran.*) *August.*
"The Alley of Flashing Spears." *Donn Byrne.* (*Appleton-Century.*) *August.*
"A Spy of Napoleon." *Baroness Orczy.* (*Putnam's.*) *July.*
"The House in the Hills." *Simonne Ratel.* (*Macmillan.*) *June.*
"The Baddington Horrors." *Walter S. Masterman.* (*Dutton.*) *July.*

NON-FICTION

"Mozart." *Henri Gheon.* (*Sheed & Ward.*) *August.*
"A Conquest of Tibet." *Sven Hedin.* (*Dutton.*) *July.*
"Shadows of the Sun." *Alejandro Perez Lugin. Translated by Sidney Franklin.* (*Scribners.*) *July.*
"The Metaphysical Poets: *Donn, Herbert, Vaughn, Traherne.*" *By J. B. Leishman.* (*Oxford.*) *July.*
"Fabulous Monster." *A Biography of the ex-Kaiser. J. Daniel Chamier.* (*Longmans, Green.*) *August.*
"Wasn't the Depression Terrible?" *Cartoons by Soglow. Captions by David Plotkin.* (*Covici, Friede.*) *August.*

❀ ❀

"Here Today and Gone Tomorrow," by Louis Bromfield. (Cassel. 7s. 6d. net.)

¶ Mr. Bromfield's volume of four long short stories will appeal to every reader who can enjoy strong, vigorous presentation of the modern American scene, done with deftness and humour but also a real comprehension of the subtleties of character and of personal relationships. He has range. His maiden ladies and his gangsters, his young girls and his big financiers, his drunks and his trollops, are all equally convincing, as for that matter are his various backgrounds. There is genuine comedy in his portrayal of Miss Mehaffy's adventures in New York, visited for the first time after 50 years in Iowa. There is not displeasing sentiment in the story of Beppo, ex-boxer, as would-be gentleman and too-tentative lover. There is originality in the notions of Miss Olivia's intrusion into high finance. The fourth story, of several people together on a liner, is by no means the least skillful. Mr. Bromfield has seldom been more consistently entertaining.

❀ ❀

Edwin Markham seems to agree with the man who said that adversity brings out the best in a man—usually by the roots. He told the members of the Morningside Residence Club the other day that less fine poetry has been written during these last four years because a real poet can produce enduring poetry only in spite of, never because of, poverty, worry and starvation. He thinks that good poetry will come out of the light wine and beer era, if it succeeds in being an era. All last Winter he marched around New England lecturing. Now he's at work on a new collection of poems to succeed "Eighty Poems at Eighty."

❀ ❀

"News from Havre," by Georges Duhamel. Translated by Beatrice de Holthoir. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

¶ M. Duhamel's novels have not hitherto been translated into English. The first so chosen forms part of a new cycle on which he is now engaged—about the Pasquier family. It tells of suspense over a dilatory legacy, with an interior in a sordid Parisian block of flats depicted. Pasquier *pere*, in middle-age, works for examinations, keeping himself awake by putting his wrist in a flame—a strange, aloof, excitable character. The mother draws the reader's

Poetry

TIN CENTAURS

When ancient legends we absorb
We learn that Cyclops had one orb—
A baleful eye in mid-forehead,
Inspiring mortals' awe and dread.

Another bit of fantasy
Evolved the queer Acephali—
A race of headless men, they were—
Devoid of brains, one would infer.

And yet, today, within our ken,
There is a breed of brainless men.
Again, we know there is no dearth
Of one-eyed ogres on our earth.

At night, the terror-striking twain
Haunt almost every auto lane.
When darkness dims the moon and stars,
Ride headless men in one-eyed cars.

—TOM THIENES

---

pity for long-suffering. Children, audible neighbors, disasters, and pathetic fantasies induced by the prospects of the legacy are worked into a grey-toned impression, very quietly. The publishers hint a parallel with Tchehov, but M. Duhamel has not Tchehov's detachment. He might seem to write, very intelligently, out of some slightly naive hypothesis. The book is sensitive and moving.

❀ ❀

Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else —very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now let us be a celebrated individual."

—Holmes

OUT FISHING

A feller ain't thinkin' mean
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good and clean
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow men
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest, when
Out fishin'.

A feller has no time for hate
Out fishin';
He isn't eager to be great
Out fishin';
He isn't thinkin' thoughts of self
Of goods stacked high upon a shelf
But he is always just himself
Out fishin'.

—ANON.

❀ ❀

ECCE HOMO

On his bare cot within his narrow room,
He waits—three paces from the world. His door
Shuts out all else but hope—the air of June—
And sleep. And yet—in dreams he sees once more

The wine of twilight on the western sea,
The migratory birds in endless flight,
The lupine carpet 'neath the redwood tree,
And tall pines bending on the wind-swept height.

Behold the man! dropping beneath the weight
Of seventeen dead years. His innocence
No man denies, and still—we mock his fate
With gestures vain or with indifference.
Where Judas spends his silver shamelessly,
There's little honor and no liberty.

—FRANK KEENAN

A MERCENARY MAID

I told her that perhaps some future year
May find her with a Morgan's wealth, or more,
If bullion-laden barquentines should steer
A course through stormy seas to my bleak shore.

A marble mansion with a maze of rooms
Shall then be given her, I did avet,
And arbored gardens with exotic blooms
Transplanted from the tropics —all for her.

Swift horses, liv'ried lackeys, motor cars,
Gems and tiaras to surmount her curls—
I promised all, and told her that the stars
Would some day pale in contrast with her pearls.

Great disappointment etched her countenance;
The future pelf beguiled her not at all.
Quite mercenary, she would take no chance
On argosies delayed by storm and squall.

Instead, she told me of a nearby shop
That vended gems rare, precious, saccharine.
Then, wending there, I bought a lollypop
For her, my little daughter Geraldine.

—TOM THIENES

❀ ❀

At the age of 102 years, Peyko Neychoffski, Katunetz shepherd, died recently. He was mourned by forty grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Neychoffski attributed his old age to the fact that he never drank alcohol, nor ate meat.

Ye Astrologer

"Of a surety," saith ye sage o' Ca(r)melot, "rare doth a prophet abide with honour in his own bailiwick."

¶ Right so hath it come to pass that ye populace waxeth mostly skeptick o' ye seer and ye soothsayer and ye oracle whom erstwhile did augur faire for ye exchequer and ye trade marts and ye barter shoppes and ye guilds and fortell ye seven years o' feasting. Now doth ye multitude gainsay e'en ye lusty fortune tellers hight Dun and hight Bradstreet whom aforetime, with runes and cryptick numerology, to wit, A-AA1 and M4, didst conjure up vision o' burghers twain, ye one clad in cloth o' gold and ye other habilimented in homespun.

¶ Eke thriveth an gelid doubt amongst ye denizens anent ye sorcery o' necromancers and Aladdin-lamp rubbethers whom with magick phrase-philters and alphabetic abracadabra wouldst for ye nonce bewitch ye benighted serfs and freeholders into envisioning Elysian Fields, e'en though one tithe o' ye Fields be ploughed under and ye processing tax on cornucopias attacheth itself like unto ye locust. "To Sheol with ye false prophets!" groweleth ye multitude with choler.

¶ And so mote it be. Abas ye disciples o' Sir Roger o' Babson whom wouldst enchant us with cabala graphs o' sable peaks and abysmal valleys. Let us anon, with vocal blast so fell as hath ne'er ear saluted, beshrew ye proselyters o' strange fetish and eerie belief, and return unto ye fold o' ye sane and sainted Merlin. Consign to bonfire ye baleful Tome o' Ratings and all ye kindred appurtenances thereof, and then eftsoon seek guidance in ye infallible olde almanack shewing ye zodiac signs compassing ye original nudist with ye incised umbilical and ye open-work plumbing. Nay! stoppeth not thereat, but make ye little journey to ye high priestess o' astrology in ye village o' Ca(r)melot By Ye Ocean. Wot thee ye road thereto? Nay? Then mark thee well: Fare forth, Oh itinerant tourist, from ye purlieus o' ye burgomaster's office along Ye Main Stemme toward Ye Sign O' Ye Golden Heron Book Stalle, then thitherward to Ye Court O' Ye Bough D'Or wherat, halting, cast thy gaze about thee till it doth fasten on ye bossed sign o' Madame Claire Voyant. Ascend ye stairway o' an high tower to ye lofty cloistered cubicle neath ye crenelated parapet, whereat doth foregather ye illustrious and valorous Sir Knights and comely damosels whom wouldst obtain horoscopes. Or, prithee, tarry betimes without any mayhap hearest pithy outpourings o' departing patrons, as once did ye scrivener o' these lines, to wit:

¶ "Mine natal sign be Aquarius ye Water-bearer," quoth one knight.

¶ "Humph!" tart sniffeth ye second. "Thou art no Saturday knight nor useth thou water e'en as an chaser. I wert spawned under ye sign Capricorn ye Goat, and should weddeth ye native o' Virgo ye Virgin."

¶ "Ye goat marry ye virgin!" blareth ye third. "In sooth art thou ye goat. Mine own sign o' Taurus ye Bull methinketh ye most puissant sign."

¶ Whereupon ye first knight uttereth ye unseemly couplets:

"Quoth Leo ye Lion to Aries ye Ram,
'Than all beasties more puissant I am,

Byways from Highways

THE CARMEL VALLEY ROAD

This week do take a jaunt up Carmel Valley for you will find something seldom seen in this part of California—hills in June turning green under their nap of of gray. It has happened before as my old friend Luis Wolter once said, "Once upon a time the Carmel Hills were green in the Summer time."

¶ The mess of hills beyond the river are as intriguing as ever. Close at hand the buck-eye are but just losing their flowers, while the elder-berry stand out prominently against a background of live-oak. The lacy poison hemlock are in flower as well as the bush lupin. Here and there in damp spots you come upon groups of twisty sycamore trees. And do stop your car and listen to the birds chirping! For several miles the road winds close to the hills with flourishing orchards coming close on the one side.

¶ Not so many years ago few ranches were situated in this valley; the Martin and Machado ranches lying near the Mission, the Hatton ranch extending far up the valley, with the Sargent ranch across the river, then the Meadow ranch running where all these orchards are growing now, and again across the river the Luis Wolter and the Vasquez ranches. Beyond these was situated the famous Berwick ranch from where the first apples and pears from these parts were shipped to England.

—J. H.

Albeit Taurus yet boasteth right full,
I trow ye Taurus bespeaketh ye bull.'"

—MOT SENEIHT

The Professor's Note Book

Have you ever been "turned around" in a city or country where north appeared to be south, and have you ever been able to get straightened out again? And how do you account for the upset? Have you twisted your landmarks, or has something gone wrong with magnetic currents, or the sun or wind currents, or do we after all have a sixth sense which never has been thoroughly recognized?

¶ It is possible that when we can solve these human problems we may be able to explain the migrations of birds or vice versa. For over two thousand years the homing instinct of the carrier pigeon has been recognized and utilized. About 1200 A.D. the postoffice of Egypt kept these birds for delivering messages. The Crusaders sent similar air route reminders back to their friends; and until the advent of the telegraph and radio the armies of the world have depended largely on these feathered friends for important information.

¶ Nevertheless, despite the observations of thousands, and the fact that there are at least nine tentative solutions, no one can explain the phenomenon. It does appear, that like the bees and wasps, some birds recognize certain landmarks in making their way about, but there are various cases which appear to demand some other explanation.

¶ Take the golden plover, for example. It nests in the arctic regions of North America, and after the young are able to fly they all migrate to Labrador and a bountiful food supply. Toward Fall they journey to Nova Scotia, and then by a direct flight of 2400 miles, without pause or rest, land on the Bermudas. After a brief sojourn they traverse eastern South America to winter in the Argentine. The return trip is by way of northwestern South America and up the Mississippi Valley. Other birds winter in Hawaii, 2400 miles removed from the nearest coast of Alaska.

¶ Even more remarkable is the migration of the Arctic tern. It likewise nests in Arctic regions, and by an unknown, possibly by an ocean, route it flies to its winter home in the Antarctic 11000 miles distant. Where land migrations are concerned it may be correct to invoke the aid of landmarks, but where, a mere human may ask, are these to be found in the sea? Granted that a bird can view land 1000 miles distant it would have to fly at a height of over 100 miles to see over the curve of the earth; and when one doubles the distance . . . well, for the time being, let us content ourselves with working on the problem, meanwhile admitting that as yet it is another of nature's mysteries.

—PROF. HAROLD HEATH

The handsome plaque won by Edward Kuster's Golden Bough Players in the recent tournament of the Northern California Drama Association in San Francisco is on display in the window of the Yarn Shop, on Dolores Street, opposite the postoffice. The plaque is an annual challenge trophy, to be put up and won each year for the best production by a non-professional group of an unpublished one-act play. Forty-five distinct groups participated in the tournament this spring.

¶ Another important production of the Golden Bough Players' summer season will be the world premiere of Martin Flavin's new play, "Sunday."

❀ ❀

So that the curve of loveliness
remains
Fixed on what gave surrender
to the last.
Thus even Death may find an
empty shell
Wrough of what his face, and
knew it well.

❀ ❀

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY
Presents
GEORGE E. STONE, M.A.
In an illustrated lecture
THE SPIRIT OF ITALY
THURSDAY, JUNE 21ST AT 8:30 P.M.
General Admission 55c
Students 25c · Tax Included

Carmel Style Shop
MODELS FROM BRUCKNERS
Ocean below Lincoln
Telephone 1082

Hotel La Ribera
H. C. Overin, Manager
Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner
Lincoln at Seventh, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California
Telephone 800

A NATIVE AMERICAN SPEAKS

BY CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

(Continued from last week)

That is why, perhaps, one feels a tremendous under-current of earnestness among these rough-looking people. The American woman who teaches them waves no flags, makes no exhortations nor boasts of our national greatness. She does not say she cares anything about the country—yet one knows she does, a very great deal. There is no flag-waving among the pupils, either; and yet one senses their almost fierce pride that, if not at the next examination, then at the one half a year later, or at the one six months after that, some day, after much puzzling and toil, they will win through to American Citizenship. Their burning enthusiasm is silent, like molten lava forcing its way underground; one sees the glow of it only in their serious eyes. These people are no emotional idealists. They are realists who can meet life at its hardest and, however they may be beaten back from their goal, they are not the kind that gives up; they mean to be citizens, real citizens. They have the minds of children, unsophisticated, simple, direct, hard to deceive, but tempered by experience with poverty, labor, all—some of them—war.

¶ We hear much at this time about the Perfect State, called communistic. There are idealists, who are aflame over social injustices and who think that imperfect men and women can make and run a perfect state. There are disciples of Mencken, who can easily show how ridiculous the whole theory of democracy and popular government is, and how bitterly funny are the antics of our misrepresentatives in Congress. Between the buffoons and the fanatics, communism is vocal and is undoubtedly making progress. I had never seriously worked upon economics and politics, because these are the passionate sciences; and my own mind happens to prefer the colder, less emotional sciences of anthropology, psychology, and legal theory. Some months ago, however, I made up my mind that I could hardly consider myself reasonably educated without knowing something of the theory of communism, and so I read a good deal of Karl Marx' writings and some of Lenin's. Marx' description of the results of capitalism struck me as very good; and as for his remedies for unrestrained competition—well, I could not withhold my admiration for the beautiful workmanship of the special pleader. It is equal to John Marshall or Thomas Huxley. All you have to do is to admit his premises, and to assume that human beings are actuated solely by self-interest and behave according to the laws of logic, and communism follows as a matter of course. Given the Perfect State, argue the communists, human beings will cease to be the passionate, illogical, incalculable, liberty-loving animals they have been since the dawn of history, and will become perfectly functioning machines. To me, who believed that laws and institutions should be made to fit human nature, instead of that human nature should be made to fit laws, this failure to allow for human inperfection, this extremity of rational theorism, reminded me of our own Eighteenth Amendment.

(To be continued next week)

❀ ❀

Watch for the TOWN CRIER'S beautiful Art Number—special plates—color process printing—a book to keep and enjoy.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS
No More!

The Seven Arts
closes out entire stock
of paints, brushes,
canvas, etc.

Sale begins on Friday
June 22 at 1 o'clock

✡

Reductions up to 80%

✡

Seven Arts Building
Ocean and Lincoln

STORY OF THE COWBOY

(Continued from last week)

He stops and stands on shaky legs in the center of the bronc pen.

¶ The cowboy reaches in his shirt pocket, pulls out a bag of Bull Durham and a pack of papers and builds himself a smoke, takes a few deep drags, looks over at his helper who has been an interested observer of the fight for mastery.

¶ "Say, Bud," he drawls, "this ole fan-tail sure has a heap of ideas of his own. He turned the crank right smart. I thought for a spell he might be going to step out from under me. What say?"

¶ "Well, he did meander around the corral right smart," replied the man on the fence. "I kinder noticed his movements was some uncertain. But he ought to make a good mount for some salty cowboy."

¶ "Well," smiled the peeler on the bronc, "anybody who uses this bronc for a mount had better be plenty salty. He sure enough wasn't designed for no drug store cow hand an' I don't reckon no sheep herder could fork him and make it stick."

¶ Then the peeler leaned over, took hold of the halter cheek, poked his finger in the bronc's eye and stepped off, while the horse wondered what was going to happen next.

¶ The first lesson is over and the stiff, sore and leg-weary bronc is tied up again—but this time to a manger filled with hay. He doesn't eat for a long time—just stands and trembles.

¶ Sometime in the night he may eat a little. But mostly he'll stand and sulk. Maybe he'll think of the band up in the high mountains that's free to go any place its fancy may take it. It'll be many days before the bewildered horse will eat and drink like the rest of the broke saddle stock.

¶ His training has only started. Every day for a month a saddle will be strapped on his sore back and the cinch will gall his already raw sides. The school a cow-horse goes to is hard and bitter. Everything he learns is taught by the rule of the hickory stick. Quirt and spurs make him mind. No lumps of sugar and no petting. Just work, work—and then more work.

¶ He must learn to stop and turn. To head a running steer. To hold cattle on the end of a rope. In short, in about six weeks he must learn enough to be the makings of a good cow-horse.

¶ His biggest lesson is being taught to stand with the reins dragging and not leave. (Stockmen call it being tied to the breeze.) A horse isn't worth a plugged Mexican dime that will leave a hand afoot out on the range.

¶ Teaching a horse to hold a steer is very simple, if it is pretty painful. After he gets so he answers the rein pretty well he is taken into a big log corral with a pretty old barren cow. It is important that the cow be wild and full of fight. A steer would do, only a steer is worth money and an old barren cow isn't.

¶ One end of a heavy lass rope is doubled half-hitched around the saddle horn. Then the cowboy rides up on the wild cow, swings the rope around his head and casts his loop over the cow's horns.

(To be continued next week)

—JACK E. DALTON

GEORGE P. ROSS
Attorney
At Law
La Giralda Building
Dolores at Seventh
Telephone Carmel 1003

Bettie Greene Stables
The Stables at the Corner of Junipero Street and Fifth / Carmel-by-the-Sea
Telephones: 31 / Residence 165-W

PARISIAN FRENCH LAUNDRY
Telephone 6318
497 Lighthouse Ave. / Monterey

Danna's
Quality Market
We undersell all advertised prices
Best Meats and Groceries
Wholesale / Retail
571 Lighthouse Avenue / Monterey
Telephone 3144

Corner of
Sixth and San Carlos
Carmel
Steve
Patterson
The Old Chop House
Famous for
Chicken and Turkey
Dinners
Open from 5:30 a.m.
to 9:30 p.m. Every Day

Obiter Dicta

IS AMERICA GROW-UP?

A popular book of a few years ago was entitled "America Comes of Age." It was followed by others whose general thesis was the same, to-wit: America has passed from infancy, through adolescence, and is now approaching adulthood; hence the time has come for the nation to put away childish things.

¶ These "childish things" are listed as everything that had roots in "rugged individualism."

¶ Individualism, we are told, may be a necessary scheme in a young pioneering country with a still unsubdued wilderness but it must fail in face of problems arising from a population concentrated in industrial centers.

¶ But it is never made clear exactly why a system that has brought about a certain state of affairs, should suddenly prove inadequate to continue nor why it is a sign of maturity to abandon the tried and proven in favor of the untried and the theoretical.

¶ Initiative, industry, honest and self-restraint (thrift) have been the qualities that subdued the wilderness and built up the industrial life of America. These qualities are the ones which produced a reservoir of wealth which has withstood the drain of supporting, possibly, 50 million nonproducers of wealth over a period of four or five years. (This 50 million is a rough estimate of the number of the unemployed plus the body of government employees and all of those engaged in distribution rather than actual production of commodities.)

¶ It is the system that has spent more for education than for any other one item and, in passing, it may be observed that education, as understood in this country, is designed to encourage independent thinking rather than to produce "attitudes," or "regimented opinions," which is not education but mesmerism.

¶ It is the system that has built up a society free from caste—that device whereby some men ride upon the shoulders of other men.

¶ It is a system that maintains an open road ahead for further prosperity and greater human happiness.

¶ In the face of these demonstrated results, we are being told by the apostles of a "New Order" that we must abandon the system because it has broken down; that the nation can never rise out of this depression as it has risen out of the seventeen that preceded it.

DR. R. E. BROWNELL
Dentist
DUMMAGE BUILDING
OCEAN AND DOLORES
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

MATHEW STAHL MOTOR COMPANY
Packard
Service
San Carlos near Ocean Ave. ✓ Telephone 888

Under new management
The Knotty Pine Inn
296 Lighthouse ✓ New Monterey
SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
Dancing every night 8 to 1
Tap Room

FROM THE LOWLY ONION TO THE MAKIN'S OF DELICIOUS HORS D'OEUVRES . . . AT YOUR SERVICE 'TIL *ten in the evening!!!*
leidig's
corner of dolores and ocean avenue ✓ carmel

The Yarn Shop
BERNAT YARNS AND INSTRUCTION
Dolores Street opposite Post Office

HERMANN'S
380 ALVARADO ST. ✓ MONTEREY
OPEN ALL NIGHT
We specialize in steaks and chops

Hodges
for
Horses
"There is nothing like a good mount"
San Carlos Stables
Ocean and Junipero

We must, these people tell us, "put away childish things" of our past and grow up.

¶ Suppose we consider a few aspects of the depression upon which the prophets of the "New Order" rarely dwell. At the very lowest point of the trough, 50 million people a week paid admissions to the movies. The number today is closer to 100 million according to estimates.

¶ Libraries, recreational centers, museums, all public cultural institutions report increased patronage. Home life, as opposed to hotel and night club entertaining, has received an impetus. Divorce has fallen off, the total death rate has fallen and the public health curve risen. It is still difficult to find parking space.

¶ Contrasting this with the widespread famine, pestilence and human misery that traditionally accompanied economic crises in the past among the supposedly grown up nations of the old world, contrasting it with the perpetually lower standard of living in those countries, it might well give us pause before we chuck our own scheme overboard as a complete failure.

¶ As a matter of fact, may it not be possible that we are the grown-up nation and the others the immature ones?

¶ The one characteristic of childhood is its expectation of being taken care of, of having its opinions formed for it, of escaping responsibility for its creature comforts.

¶ Clamor for a social system that removes personal responsibility, risk, the hope of unusual rewards for unusual effort—or even unusual good luck—is to clamor for the carefree life of childhood in a home where some paternal, benevolent (let us hope it is benevolent) suzerainty governs. The shortest term for that is dictatorship.

¶ Even ethnologically, we Americans are as old as any other people. Each individual of us, has hereditary roots that go back as far as those of any other individual in the "grown-up" countries. It is only our political structure that can be called young and, interestingly enough, that it is the oldest, in point of continuous life, of any governmental order in the civilized world.

¶ The American Constitution has endured longer than any other

Market Del Mar
TELEPHONE CARMEL 964
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables
Dolores between Seventh and Eighth

MISSION CLEANERS
Carbon Tetrachloride Cleaning
OCEAN AVENUE ✦ CARMEL
TELEPHONE 916

RUSSIAN OR AMERICAN DINNERS EVERY NIGHT
AT THE
Russian Tea Room
in Monterey
Afternoon Tea Service
That is Different
Inexpensive Luncheon
Opposite New Post Office
Monterey

CALIFORNIA LIQUOR STORE
Horace Coniglio
Specializing in
BULK WINES
Full Line of Imported and Domestic Liquors
416 ALVARADO STREET ✦ TELEPHONE 8440 ✦ MONTEREY

Jean Ritchie
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC YARNS
BAGS ✦ NEEDLEPOINT ✦ NOVELTIES
EL PASEO COURT ✦ CARMEL

WOOD · Kindling · COAL
CEMENT · LIME · BRICK · CHALK ROCK
PEAT MOSS · ROOFING MATERIAL · FERTILIZER
PLAZA FUEL COMPANY
JUNIPERO AT SIXTH · TELEPHONE 180 CARMEL
John Catlin Keith Evans
COMPETITIVE PRICES · PROMPT SERVICE

which embodies a scheme of living for a progressive world. The Bill of Rights is the statement of certain fundamental tenets which self-reliant people hold to be self-evident.

¶ Because certain elements within our population have refused to accept the mature status and have resorted to the childishness of self-indulgence and petulance in the face of demands for restraint and responsibility, have harbored silly imaginings of beating the game and defying all the verities, notably that honesty is—yes, actually is—the best policy, that does not justify a cry to abandon the theory of individual responsibility and turn the nation over to some form of dictatorship, even that of an "intelligentsia" or a "brain trust."

¶ It does indicate, however, that America is confronted with the adult responsibility of turning such childishly inclined elements over its knee and administering the good old hairbrush.

—Agnes Morley Cleaveland

❀ ❀

"The Spirit of Italy" is the title of George E. Stone's third and last lecture, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery, this evening.

¶ The talk tonight is the record of a six months' auto tour of Italy during which Mr. Stone not only photographed the beauties of the landscape but was privileged to go into the galleries of Florence and Rome and secure photographs of the greatest works of art.

❀ ❀

EPITAPH

(For an ambiguous poet)

'Tis poetic justic
That I must atone
For my cryptic verses,
Beneath this cold stone.
This legend seems lucid
And readily read
Is over my head.

—TOM THIENES

Hal Bragg
Life Insurance
Annuities
Life Income
Educational
212 Spazier Bldg.
Telephone 5997
Monterey

MILTON LATHAM
Architect
CARMEL ✦ BY ✦ THE ✦ SEA
TELEPHONE 879

ALLA COX BEAUTY SALON
457 ALVARADO STREET · MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA
Next Door to the Western Auto Supply Company
Every Beauty Service
Marvelous Permanents
Contour Hair Cuts
Telephone 6321

FRED FRY
Instruction ✦ Club Fitting
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BEGINNERS
Pacific Grove

GOLF
In the Circle of Enchantment
MONTEREY PENINSULA'S LOW FEE GOLF COURSE
Municipal Links

TOMORROW'S CAR . . . TODAY!

The new Air-Flow

De Soto

is INDISPUTABLY *the most modern, comfortable and economical motor car built today*

TELEPHONE FOR A DEMONSTRATION

John Anderson
Monterey Peninsula De Soto and Plymouth Dealer
240 MAIN STREET ✦ MONTEREY
Telephone 3742
OCEAN AVENUE NEAR MISSION
Telephone Carmel 170

Remains of the earthen fort where a century ago Kit Carson passed an adventurous Winter have been found and verified at Ouray, in Utah. W. J. Willes of Salt Lake City, and Wallace Stark and Clifford Broome of Ouray had called the attention of Albert B. Reagan of the field service of the Office of Indian Affairs to curious wall mounds in the woods. Mr. Reagan searched for them, located them on the east side of Green River about a mile southeast of the mouth of the Duchesne, once called the Uintah or Winty River.

¶ From Kit Carson's own account of the expedition the mounds were identified as Fort Uintah, also called Winty or Robidoux. Carson, after trapping "a galore of beaver" on the Arkansas, disposed of it in the Spanish settlements about Taos Valley, spent the results on poker and fandangos, and then joined Captain Lee in an expedition into the North. Carson wrote:

¶ "The snow was now commencing to fall and we concluded to go into Winter quarters (1832-33 or 1833-34). We found a place that answered every purpose on the mouth of the Winty."

¶ Mr. Reagan learned that while Escalente in 1776 and more modern geographers considered the Uintah—later simplified by pioneers to Winty—to be an affluent of the Duchesne, other writers and explorers regarded the Uintah as the main stream and the Duchesne as the affluent. It became evident that Kit Carson's quarters had been in the vicinity of Ouray at the junction of the Green, White, Winty—or Uintah—rivers, the latter now called the Duchesne in its lower course. There the fort, sunk to a mer outline of mounds, was detected and studied.

❀ ❀

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and to forget his own. —Cicero.

THE
OWL
CLEANERS
Ladies' Work
Our Specialty
DELIVERY SERVICE
IN CARMEL
EVERY
DAY
Telephone 7197
153 WEBSTER STREET
MONTEREY

Charles Sayers
School of Woodcarving
Ocean Avenue
between San Carlos
and Mission

WE ALSO CARRY
A COMPLETE
LINE
OF
CHOICE
WINES AND
LIQUORS

LAS TIENDAS DRIVE-IN MARKET · MONTEREY

Political Brevities

Upton Sinclair (Socialist), candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of California, is to address a public meeting on the Monterey Peninsula on or about July 5th. An enthusiastic Peninsula committee has the affair in charge. All efforts of other political groups to induce Sinclair to withdraw from the contest have apparently met with failure. "Uppie" is standing pat, say his friends.

❀ ❀

"As ability, honest and integrity are chief assets of the County Treasurer, I feel that I am well qualified to fill such an office." So states Robert A. Stirling, for many years an active and hard-working member of the Board of Supervisors. At one time Stirling was Postmaster of Castroville. He will give his opponents a hard run in the Primary.

❀ ❀

Registration of Carmel citizens for the Primary Election on Tuesday, August 28th, shows a considerable increase over the figures of four years ago. In 1930 Carmel registrations numbered 894. This year the figures are 1303—an increase of 409. Monterey shows a slight loss, while Pacific Grove and the Point Lobos area have gained.

Russell W. Giles
for
COUNTY TREASURER
Elect
A Monterey Peninsula Man

Vote for
J · E · Steinbeck
Incumbent
FOR COUNTY TREASURER

ANNA E. JOHNSON
Incumbent
for
County Auditor

CARL ABBOTT
for
Sheriff
STANDING
SQUARELY
ON MY
RECORD
CARL ABBOTT
CARL ABBOTT
CARL ABBOTT

E. E. PATTERSON
Incumbent — Candidate for
The Assembly
35th District
San Luis Obispo and Monterey Counties

H · W · ALLSMAN
for
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

Re-elect
C. F. JOY
Incumbent
for County Clerk

W · C · THEILE
Candidate for
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

ELECT
Howard D. Peters
for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

Vote for Eugene A.
O'GRADY
for
Sheriff of Monterey Co.

ELECT
Joseph E.
MITCHELL
Sheriff
of Monterey County
CAPABLE AND RELIABLE

WALTER · R
TAVERNETTI
Incumbent
for
ASSESSOR

Retain
Harry · L
Noland
INCUMBENT
District Attorney
of
Monterey County

In the person of Russell Giles, Pacific Grove business man, who has been connected with the Southern Pacific Company and the Standard Oil Company accounting departments, our sister city furnishes one of the four candidates for County Treasurer. He has resided in the Grove for the past 15 years, and has the high regard of his fellow-citizens. He would make an efficient official, so his friends state.

❀ ❀

The contest for Sheriff of Monterey County is now a three-way affair, Eugene O'Grady of Salinas having recently tossed his chapeau in the circle. The new candidate has many friends boosting his candidacy, who aver that O'Grady has all the qualifications to administer the office he seeks.

Elect
FRANK OYER
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

Geo. W. Holm
for
County Tax Collector

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ROBERT · A
STIRLING
Candidate for
Treasurer of Monterey County
20 years Supervisor of Monterey County
6 years Postmaster of Castroville
"STANDING FOR STABILITY"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, JUNE 21:
- Illustrated Lecture, "Italy," Dr. George E. Stone, Denny-Watrous Gallery, 8:30 p.m.
- Social Credit Study and Discussion, 1st Grade Room, Sunset School, 7:45 p.m.
- "Catherine the Great" Carmel Theatre.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22:
- Poster-Photo-Program Exhibit, 25 Years of the Forest Theater, Seven Arts Gallery, 2 p.m. daily.
- "Registered Nurse" Carmel Theatre.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23:
- Water Color Exhibit by local artists, Carmel Art Gallery, every afternoon, 2 to 4 p.m. Until June 30.
- "Aggie Appleby," Carmel Theatre.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24:
- Pageant of San Juan Bautista, commemorating the 137th anniversary of the establishment of the Mission. Religious and civic celebration.
- "Manhattan Melodrama," Carmel Theatre.

MONDAY, JUNE 25:
- Same as Sunday, Carmel Theatre.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26:
- "Laughing Boy," Carmel Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27:
- "The Big Shakedown," Carmel Theatre.

(Notice: Please send in any events you want listed in the TOWN CRIER by noon, Tuesdays.)

Work Wanted
Clever, intelligent, adaptable girl
Desires Position as Nursemaid, Companion or Housemaid, etc.
Enquire Box "A" Town Crier

Re-elect
Howard · F · Cozzens
County Surveyor

Vote for
Anthony Brazil
for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Vote for
"VIC" J.
BARLOGIO
for Coroner and Public Administrator

RE-ELECT
JAMES · G
FORCE
Superintendent of Schools
27 years continuous service as teacher, principal, superintendent in California schools

JOHN · E · WALLACE
Incumbent
EXPERIENCE , COURTESY , SERVICE
May I Serve You
Again as Recorder

CARMEL CHEVROLET SALES AND SERVICE

FOR CARMEL PEOPLE

New Low Prices for Chevrolet

STANDARD SIX MODELS DOWN $25 TO $50

MASTER MODELS DOWN $30 TO $35

TRUCKS DOWN $30 TO $50

VIEW THE STANDARD SIX . . . LOWEST PRICED FULL SIZE CAR . . . AT YOUR CARMEL CHEVROLET DEALER'S SHOWROOM

COACH $661.05

COUPE $650.80

ROADSTER $631.05

PHAETON $661.05

Prices are Delivered
Tax Extra

San Carlos Chevrolet Sales and Service Co.

"WE ARE HERE TO GIVE . . . NOT TO GET"

* SEE OUR EXCEPTIONAL GUARANTEED USED CARS

DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU TO RECEIVE

Real

SERVICE WITH A REAL SMILE?

Come in and see

Dale Leidig's

Grin

WHEN HE PERSONALLY SPONSORS YOUR GUARANTEED SERVICE

Texaco Gas

GOODRICH TIRES

CERTIFIED LUBRICATION

WASHING AND POLISHING

CORNER SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS / TELEPHONE CARMEL 560 AND 1123-W